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The True G R E A T M A N.

A

P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of the Right Honourable

*Charles Lord Talbot,*

Baron of H E N S O L,

Lord High Chancellor of G R E A T B R I T A I N,

And One of the Lord's of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

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*He was ----- but Words are wanting to say what,  
Say all that's Great and Good, and he was That.*

*Vid. Charact. of K. Char. I.*

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P O E M

Charles Lloyd Taylor

Author of "The Great Britain"

The Great Britain is a country of great  
size and power, and is one of the  
most important nations of the world.



L O N D O N  
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To the Right Honourable

*William Lord Talbot,*

Baron of *H E N S O L,*

**I**N Memory of the many Excellent Virtues of the  
Noble LORD his most worthy Father deceased, the  
following Lines are humbly Inscrib'd by

**HIS LORDSHIP'S**

*Most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

**C. C.**



To the Right Honourable

William Lord Talbot

Baton of H E N S O L

IN Memory of the many Excellent Virtues of the  
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Humble Servant,

C. C.






P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord TALBOT,

Lord High Chancellor of GREAT-BRITAIN.

WHEN crowding Thoughts no Utterance can

 find;  
But with their Weight oppress the lab'ring

Mind;

When Floods of Grief o'erwhelm the languid Heart,

And nought but Honour dwells in ev'ry Part ;

When Woes unnumber'd different Woes obtrude,

And deepest Sorrows every Hope delude ;



Where shall the Soul for Consolation fly,  
Or how a Cure to all her Ills apply?

Where shall she, thus immers'd in sad Distress

From Perturbations, seek a calm Recess?

But as the Winds in lowest Caverns pent,  
With jarring Elements contend for Vent;

With loud embody'd Strength they force their Way,  
And burst impetuous both thro' Earth and Sea:

So the deep Sorrows of a Mind distress'd

Mingling unite, and swell th' expanded Breast;

'Till grown too mighty to be held in Chains,

Break thro' in Tears, and Sighs, and moving Strains.

O! could my Verse with equal Force be heard,

With the *Sicilian* Swain, or *Mantuan* Bard;

Then might I raise my Voice, secure of Skill,

And with sincerest Woe great *Albion* fill;

'Till list'ning Eccho on my Words thou'd wait,

And all around great *TALBOT's* Name repeat.

Each



Each Tongue, in Sorrow, shou'd with Justice tell  
How lov'd he liv'd, and how lamented fell.

And thou, *Thalia*, spare my artless Lays;  
My Breast no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;  
Learn to lament with me, to weep and mourn,  
Thy springing Lawrels all to Cypress turn:  
From hence, in distant Wilds, thy Dwelling chuse,  
Begon from me; for Sorrow is my Muse.

O! were thy Brows with every Lawrel bound,  
And high as *Phœbus*' self in Song renown'd;  
Yet wou'd not all thy Art avail to shew  
Verse worthy of his Name, or of our Woe:  
Such depth of Passion in each Face appears,  
Such downcast Looks, and Eyes all swol'n with Tears;  
Such tender Sorrow in each Heart I read,  
That shall supply my Skill, if not exceed.  
Then let us leave all Forms of dumb Distress,  
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express;

In



In mournful Dirges give our Passions vent,  
And not in Sighs alone but Words lament.

But where, O! where shall we Expressions find,  
To speak the Virtues of so great a Mind?  
All Language is too poor to tell the Fame,  
Attendant on the Godlike TALBOT's Name.

By Nature form'd for ev'ry great Design,  
To charm in private, and in public shine:  
Justice he made the Standard of his Will,  
He ne'er was censur'd, for he knew no Ill:  
He fear'd no Scandal, courted no Applause,  
The just Assertor of his Country's Laws.  
The great Support of Widows in Distress,  
The tend'rest Father to the Fatherless:  
The Poor Man's Patron in the worst of Times,  
The Friend of Virtue, but the Scourge of Crimes;  
True to his Tenets both in Church and State,  
And in his Principles as fixt as Fate.

And



*And add to these, besides His Innocence,  
The soundest Judgment, and the clearest Sense:*

*A Penetration that exceeded far*

*The utmost Limits of the crowded Bar:*

*Then how shall we our matchless Loss deplore,*

*The Great, the Godlike TALBOT is no more.*

Not all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a *Crown*,

A *Prince's Whisper*, or a *Courtier's Frown*,

Could awe his Spirit, or allure his Mind

For he to Virtue ever was inclin'd,

Not all the Pomp and Pleasures that do wait,

On public Places, and Affairs of State,

Could fondly court him to be *base*, tho' Great;

With even Passions, and a settl'd Face,

He saw the *World* around him proud and *base*:

Tho' all the Storms and Tempests shou'd arise

That Church Magicians in their Cells devise,

And from their settl'd Basis Nations tear,

He wou'd *unmov'd* the mighty Ruin bear.

Secure in Innocence condemn them all,  
And decently array'd in *Honour*, fall.

Honour! that Spark of the Cœlestial Fire,  
That above Nature makes Mankind aspire;  
Enobles the rude Passions of our Frame,  
With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame:  
The richest Treasure of a generous Breast,  
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.

Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,  
Raise Maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice;  
Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,  
And stifles what they *wish to act*, with Shame;  
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive,  
That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;  
They stop not here their Course, but safely in,  
Grow *strong, luxuriant, and bold* in Sin;  
True to no Principles, press forward still,  
And only bound, by Appetite, their Will;

Now



Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,  
 And shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.  
 On higher Springs did godlike TALBOT move,  
*Free* was his Service, and *unbought* his Love.

But see the Heavens to weep in Dew prepare,  
 And heavy Mists obscure the burthen'd Air;  
 A sudden Damp o'er all the Land is spread,  
 And each true *Briton* hangs his drooping Head;  
 All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,  
 And cry with me, great TALBOT is no more!  
 The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,  
 The Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;  
 The Birds in Songs their Sorrows can disclose,  
 And Nymphs and Swains in Words can tell their Woes;  
 But O! behold that deep and wild despair,  
 Which neither Winds can shew, nor Floods, nor Air.

Methinks a sudden, most uncommon Light,  
 With wonder stops me short, and strikes my Sight;

Just



Just where great TALBOT lies, it spreads around,  
 Shewing all radiant bright the sacred Ground;  
 While from his Tomb, behold a Flame ascends,  
 Of lambient Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends:  
 On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight,  
 Cuts thro' the yielding Air with Rays of Light:  
 'Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,  
 And soaring higher an *Angel* bright remains.

